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Fifty Odes of Horace

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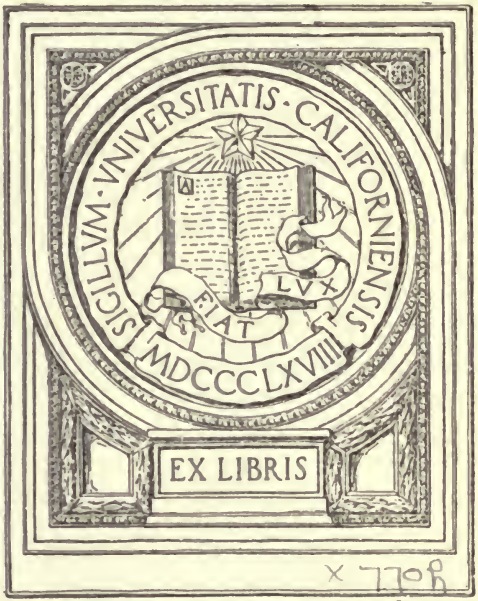

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Fifty Odes of Horace

ENGLISHED BY

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

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PREFACE

In the preparation of these versions I consulted with advantage Mr. Page's abbreviated edition of Horace. But my debt of debts was to my memories of the days when I sat at the feet of Arthur Gray Butler, Head-Master of Haileybury School in the early Sixties.

W. H. M.

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Od. I. 1.

MAECENAS, heir of ancient kings, my heart's
dear pride, my guardian:
— — — —
In chariot-races some delight to gather dust
Olympian,
Whom post, just missed by glowing wheels, and
victory's palm Palladian,
Make gods on earth; this man exults if fickle mobs
lift him on high,
With threefold honours; that, if Libya's produce fills
his granary.
Attalic wealth would never move one, glad to hoe his
sire's domain,
To plough, a frightened mariner, in Cyprian galley,
Myrtos' main.
The merchant, scared by Afric's war with waves
Icarian, magnifies
Home's rural ease, but soon refits, unused to want,
his argosies.
There's one who scorns not Massic old, nor hours
snatched from the working day,
Stretched 'neath green arbutus, or where some
sacred fount's rills softly play.
Full many love. what mothers hate, wars, camps,
horns' scream, and trumpets' blare.
The hunter keen, young bride forgot, still lingers in
the chilly air,
When his good hounds have viewed a hind, or Mars-
ian boar has burst his nets'
Strong toils. Me ivy, meed of brows poetic, 'mid the
high Gods sets.

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Me the cool grove, and fleet Nymphs trooped with Satyrs, sever from the throng,
If but Euterpe's flute, and sweet Polymnia's harp, cease not their song.

— — — —

Rank me with lyric bards; my head shall smite the stars, their choirs among.

Od. I. 3.

FOR this may Cyprus' Goddess-Queen, and Helen's brethren bright,
And the winds' Sire, releasing but Iapyx from his cave,
O ship, whose ward our Virgil is, direct your course aright,
So, landing him on Attic shore, my being's half you save.
His breast was armed with triple bronze and oak, who to rude seas
First trusted his frail bark, nor feared squalls of Sirocco fell,
Battling it out with Aquilo, nor rainy Hyades,
Nor Notus, arbiter whose will bids Hadria sink or swell.
What death feared he, who saw dry-eyed the monsters of the deep;
Saw the rough main, the Thunder-Heights of infamous renown?
If impious galleons none the less o'er waves forbidden leap,
In vain Heaven's wisdom parted lands by Ocean's sundering frown.

Bold to endure all things, mankind rushed thro' all
wickedness;
Prometheus bold brought fire to earth by fraud
unfortunate;
Soon as the fire had left its heaven, strange fevers
and distress
Swooped on the world, and death—till then a
distant doom and late—
Quickened its steps. Thus Daedalus, with wings to
man denied,
Tempted the void air; Hercules by toil broke
Acheron's sway;
Naught is too hard for mortal men, who seek in
senseless pride
The skies: whose sin forbids Jove's ire to put his
bolts away.

Od. I. 5.

WHAT scent-besprinkled stripling lad,
Pyrrha, would win your favour, where
Some grotto smiles with roses clad?
For whom bind you your golden hair,
Simple, yet dainty? Soon he'll weep,
How oft! changed troth, changed deities,
And marvel, as the wind-lashed deep
Darkens, and threats his startled eyes,
Who in his folly counts you now
All gold, and hopes that free for aye
And kind you'll be, unwitting how
Your favours cheat. Unhappy they

On whom you smile untried. For me,
His temple-wall and tablet show
That to the God, who rules the sea,
I hung my drenched robes long ago.

Od. I. 6.

BY Varius, bird of Homer's strain,
Shall you be sung as hero wight,
Leader on land or on the main
Of troops victorious in the fight.
But we, Agrippa, may not tell
Your feats, nor staunch Achilles' wrath,
Nor chant the house of Pelops fell,
Nor sly Ulysses' sea-tossed path.
Too weak our strength for paean-hymn,
While honour, and a Muse who sways
A peaceful lyre, forbid to dim
Your fame and Caesar's with poor praise.
Mars mailed in adamant, Tydeus' son,
By Pallas matched with Gods in might,
And, black with dust of Ilion,
Meriones—what pen could write
Of these? We tell of banquets; we
Sing lasses making fierce onset
On lads with pared nails, fancy-free,
Or, if love-fired, light-hearted yet.

Od. I. 7.

RHODES, Mytilene, Ephesus, or Corinth set where two seas foam,
Thessalian Tempe, Bacchus' Thebes, or Delphi, seat of Phoebus' pride,
Others shall sing. Some only care to hymn chaste Pallas' Attic home,
From first to last, and crown their brows with olives plucked from every side.
In Juno's honour most will tell of Argos' steeds, Mycenae's gold.
Me Sparta staunch, Larisa's plains, never so thrilled as echoing
Albuna's fount, and Anio's rush, orchards and groves of Tibur's wold,
And restless rills. As Notus oft clears darkened skies, nor loves to bring
Perpetual rains, so be you wise, Plancus, to drown life's care and grief
In mellow wine, where ensigns light your camp, or 'neath your Tibur's shade.
Banished from Salamis and sire, yet Teucer bound with poplar-leaf
His wine-moist brows, and bade his friends, a sorrowing crowd, be undismayed.
"Whithersoever fate more kind than sire shall lead us, friends, we'll fare;
None may despair, where Teucer guides and guards: Apollo's truth has sworn
That a new Salamis shall rise elsewhere; with wine now banish care;

Worse things we've known, brave hearts; once more we'll plough the main to-morrow morn."

Od. I. 8.

COME, Lydia, tell me why—by all
The Gods I beg you—you would lure
By love young Sybaris to his fall:
Why now he hates, who could endure
Sunshine and dust, the Field, nor rides,
In soldier's guise, among his peers:
Nor with toothed bit controls and guides
His Gallic steed's mouth; aye, and fears
Tiber. Why would he sooner risk
Venom than oil, who never now
Bears bruises, marks of strain—of disc,
Or javelin, thrown a winning throw?
Why lies he hid, as Thetis' son
Lay hid ere Troy's sad fall, they say,
Lest man's attire should speed him on,
With Lycia's troops, to join the fray?

Od. I. 13.

WHEN, Lydia, you praise the waxen arms
And rosy neck of Telephus,
Ah, then my heart swells with the fierce alarms
Of jealousy tumultuous.
Then reels my brain; my colour comes and goes;
Adown my cheeks tears steal and stray—
Proofs of my inward anguish—with what throes,
What smouldering fires, I dwine away.
Aye, for I burn when quarrels fired by wine

Have marred your shoulders' argentry:
When your mad lover's teeth have set their sign
Upon your lips—an infamy.
You would not hope, if but to me you list,
To keep him yours, whose brute offence
Scars lips on which Venus herself has kissed
Her grace—her nectar's quintessence.
Thrice happy they, and more than thrice, by bond
Unbroken linked, whose union
A love, uplift all bickerings beyond,
Shall bind until life's day is done.

Od. I. 15.

WHAT time the treacherous shepherd o'er the deep
In Mysian bark his hostess Helen bare,
Then Nereus lulled the stormy winds to sleep
Unwelcome, that he might, as seer, declare
His doom. "With evil omens home you take
Her, whom the armies of the Hellene name,
Sworn to lay waste Priam's old realm, and break
Your marriage-bond, shall, as one man, reclaim.
Ah me, what agonies threat man and steed!
What mischiefs for the Dardan race—what dire
Ruin—you stir! Pallas, to meet the need,
Gets ready helm, shield, chariots, battle-ire.
In vain, as counting Venus your ally,
You'll comb your long locks, and to peaceful harp
Sing songs that women love; in vain you'll fly
In nuptial room fell spears, and arrows sharp
Of Gnossian cane, the battle's stour and boom,

The swift pursuit of Ajax—all in vain
Your flights; for spite of all, tho' late your doom,
Your locks adulterous with dust you'll stain.
See you not on your trail Laertes' son,
Bane of your race, and Nestor, Pylos' sage?
Teucer of Salamis presses hard upon
Your heels, and Sthenelus, well skilled to wage
War, or, if steeds need rule, keen charioteer,
A dauntless pair. Aye, and you'll learn to know
Meriones. More than his sire's peer,
Lo, Diomede hunts you, raging, even now:
Whom you—as a scared stag flies, soon as he
Has spied a wolf, crouched on the vale's far side,
Herbage forgot—with panting gasps will flee.
Not this the life you promised to your bride.
The day of doom for Troy and Phrygian dames
Achilles' angry warships will delay.
After fixed winters' term, Achaian flames
Shall waste the homes of Ilion for aye."

Od. I. 19.

THE cruel mother of the Loves, and Theban
Semele's winged Son,
And sportive License call me back to wars I fought
in bygone days.
Its fires—that sheen of Glycera's grace, more purely
bright than Parian stone!
It fires—her pretty petulance: her face that dazzles
eyes that gaze!
Venus has flung herself on me from Cyprus, nor
would have me sing

Of Parthian fighting as he flies, of Scyths, of things
that matter not.
Place me a live turf here, my boys, vervain and
incense; aye, and bring
Two-year old wine. A victim slain, she'll come in
gentler mood, I wot.

Od. I. 23.

CHLOE, you always fly from me
Just like a fawn, that heedlessly
Has lost, and seeks to find
On pathless hills its mother dear,
With many a vain and empty fear
Of leaves and whispering wind.
For whether the glad month of May
Has brought its frolic winds to play
And rustle thro' the trees,
Or lizards green have pushed their way
Thro' bramble-bushes, as they stray,
It quakes in heart and knees.
Yet my pursuit of you is not
That of a tigress fierce, or what
A desert lion's rage
Threatens; you need your mother's care
No longer, Chloe, for you are
Of marriageable age.

Od. I. 24.

WHAT thought of shame could bound our fond
regret
For one so dear? Melpomene, thou, whose lyre
And liquid voice are gifts of the Great Sire,

Prompt us a dirge to pay our sorrow's debt.
What, can it be that on Quintilius weighs
Eternal sleep? Ah, who shall find his peer?
Good Faith and Right, twin sisters, Truth sincere,
And Honour—can they ever match his praise?
True souls—how many!—wept his untimely end;
None more than you, my Virgil, who with vain
Prayers claim him of the high Gods, and complain
That not thus was he given you as a friend.
But, even if, with more persuasive art
Than Thracian Orpheus ever owned, you swayed
A lyre that trees obeyed, the empty shade
Would nevermore feel life-blood thrill its heart,
That Mercury, too deaf to hear our cry,
And roll back fate, has grimly waved below
To his dark flock. 'Tis hard; yet, even so,
Patience can ease what naught can remedy.

Od. I. 27.

TO fight with goblets is a Thracian game;
For pleasure were they made—for jollity;
Out on the barbarous custom! Do not shame
With bloody brawls good Liber's modesty.
'Twixt Persian glaive and banquets brightly lit,
What an enormous gap! Gap let it rest.
Stay, friends, your impious noise; away with it,
And keep your elbows to your cushions prest.
What, am I too to drink a share to-day
Of strong Falernian? Then let yon boy,
Opuntian Megilla's brother, say

What wound, what shaft, has been his fatal joy.
Unwilling are you? Well, not otherwise
Will I turn toper. Whatsoever Queen
You serve, she will not smirch you in our eyes,
For, if your love be wrong, it is not mean.
Come, trust your secret to safe ears and true.
Ah, hapless one, what an abyss of shame,
What a Charybdis, had inveigled you,
Poor boy—and you worthy a better flame!
What witch, what wizard, with Thessalian drugs,
What God, will have the power to set you free?
Scarcely from this threefold Chimaera's hugs
Will Pegasus win you your liberty.

Od. I. 28.

YOU measured ocean, earth, sands numberless,
Archytas; now a little dust bestowed
Upon your ashes keeps you in duress
By Matine shore; nor boots it that you rode
In spirit thro' the skies, and clomb the vault
Of heaven, for you were bound to die at last.
So too died Pelops' sire, tho' guest exalt
Of Gods; so into air Tithonus passed;
So Minos too, Jove's confidant; and so
Panthous' son in Tartarus yet stays
Perforce, to Orcus sent again, what tho'—
The shield he claimed witnessed his Trojan days—
Black death had naught of him but skin and nerves,
Who to your mind was an exponent high
Of Nature's truths. Once and for ever serves
Death's path; one night waits all humanity.

Others the Furies give to glad Mars' eyes;
The greedy sea on sailors' bones is fed;
Old lives and young make one long sacrifice;
Persephone never spared a single head.

— — — —

Me too slew Notus on the Illyrian sea—
Notus of prone Orion comrade swift.
But you, O sailor, grudge not churlishly
My bones and head unburied a small gift
Of shifting sand. So may you ever be
Safe, tho' Venusia's woods be tempest-struck:
However Eurus threat the Western sea:
And Jove, its fount, grant you good meed of luck,
And Neptune, blest Tarentum's sure defence.
Think you it were a little thing to do
A deed would hurt your children's innocence?
Nay, on yourself may fall the vengeance due,
And haught requital. Not in vain I pray;
No expiation will your debt release;
Your haste, I guess, will brook this slight delay;
Cast but three casts of dust; then go in peace.

Od. I. 29.

WHAT, Iccius? Is your heart now set
On Arabs' wealth, and would you wage
On Saba's kings, untamed as yet,
Fierce wars, and curb the Parthians' rage
By shackles? What barbarian fair,
Her lover slain, your beck shall bide?
What boy, from palace brought, with hair
Perfumed, shall stand your cup beside,
Once trained to bend the Seric bow,

His father bent? Who could deny
That up steep mounts rivers may flow,
And Tiber turn back, when you try
To change for Spanish mail books bought
On all sides—visions high of truth,
By Stoics and Socratics taught,
And break the promise of your youth?

Od. I. 31.

WHAT does his bard ask of divine
Apollo in his new-built fane?
What—as he pours cups of new wine?
Not rich Sardinia's wealth of grain:
Not India's gold or ivory:
Not hot Calabria's pastures, gay
With herds: not lands where quietly
Still Liris frets its silent way.
Let those, whose luck it is to own
Calenian vineyards, prune their vines,
That so some merchant of renown
May drink from golden cups their wines,
For Syrian wares. Heaven's favourite, he,
Because, forsooth, three times a year,
Or four, he sails successfully
The Atlantic main. I have for cheer
My olives, chicory, mallows light.
Grant me, Apollo, for the rest,
Contentment, health, sound wits and bright,
An honoured eld, by music blest.

Od. I. 32.

THEY bid us sing. If aught, my lyre,
We two have played in shelters dim,
Idly, come, prompt a Latin hymn,
Of which the years shall never tire.
Thee first the Lesbian, bold in war,
Tuned, as the battle came and passed,
Or oft as he had moored at last
His storm-tossed bark on the wet shore,
Who sang of Liber, and the wise
Muses, of Venus, to whose arm
Ever the Boy clings, of the charm
Of Lycus' dark hair and dark eyes.
Pride of Apollo's heart, and dear
To Jove at banquets, solace blest
Of toil, whene'er I make request
Aright, be kind, my lyre, and hear.

Od. I. 33.

THAT, Albius, too bitter memories
Of Glycera's unkindness may not break
Your heart, and prompt too mournful elegies
Telling why, for some younger lover's sake,
Her faith is falsed, think how Lycoris, fair
With narrow brows, for Cyrus burns, while he
Turns to coy Pholoe; but roes will pair
Sooner with wolves Apulian, than will she
Sin for a lover whom she reckons vile.
So wills it Venus—she, whose bronzen yoke
Joins forms and souls unequal all the while.
Aye, such her will, and such her cruel joke!

As for myself, what time a better fate
Sought me, I was enthralled by Myrtale,
The freedwoman—a soul more passionate
Than waves that fret Calabria—Hadria's sea.

Od. I. 34.

ACHARY worshipper of Gods and rare,
When, expert in a mad philosophy,
I strayed, now must I put about, and bear
Up for the port I left, and once more try
Forsaken paths; for the Sky-Father, who
Is wont to part the thunder-clouds on high
With lightnings, lately drove thro' heaven's clear blue
His thundering steeds and flying car, whereby
The sluggish earth and wandering rivers, aye,
And Styx, and the abominable Hoe
Of Taenarus, and Atlas, boundary
Of the wide world, staggered, reel to and fro.
God can change heights for depths: can lower the proud,
And raise the mean; as Harpy on the wing,
From this man's head Fortune, with hurtlings loud,
Snatches his crown, to crown another king.

Od. I. 35.

GODDESS, who rulest Antium dear:
Who can'st from lowest depths uplift
Mortals, or change, by sudden shift,
Triumphal car to funeral bier,
Thee the poor rustic courts with bene
Urgent; who dares Carpathian sea

In bark Bithynian, worships thee,
Whoe'er he be, as Ocean's Queen.
States, cities, Latium's chivalry,
Fierce Dacian, nomad Scythian,
Mothers of kings barbarian,
Empurpled monarchs, bow to thee,
Lest in the dust thy proud foot lay
The Column of the State, and cry
Of thronging crowds bid laggards fly
To arms! To arms!—and break their sway.
Before thee stalks stern Destiny;
Her bronzen hands hold grapples dread,
And beam-like nails, and molten lead,
And wedges—fate's machinery.
Hope loves thee; aye, and, clothed in white,
Faith, a rare Grace, nor quits thy side
Whene'er in wrath from homes of pride,
With changed attire, thou takest flight.
But faithless crowd, and perjured quean,
Fall back, and when the cask is dry,
But for its dregs, friends fickle fly,
To share the yoke too false, too mean.
Keep Caesar safe, what time he goes
To Britain, at the world's end set,
And our new levies, raised to threat
The Indian seas and Eastern foes.
Shame on the scars set upon kin
By kin! An iron age, what have we
Held sacred—what impiety
Left unattempted? From what sin
Has fear of Heaven made Rome's youth flee?
What altars has it spared? Anneal
In a new forge our blunted steel,
For Arabs and Massagetae.

Od. I. 36.

WITH incense, harp, and votive calf, will we
Gladly appease the Gods of Numida—
The Guardian Presences, whose ministry
Has brought him safe from far Hesperia.
Full many a kiss he shares with trusty feres;
With Lamia most of all, remembering
How, in the long-ago of boyhood's years,
One leader led them both—one school-boy king;
And how they donned their togas side by side.
Let the fair day be marked with whitest chalk;
Let the broached amphora not grudge its pride,
And at the Salian romp let no foot baulk.
Nor let that toper, Damalis, surpass
Bassus at swallowing cupfuls Thracian-wise;
Let roses, lilies, too short-lived, alas!
And parsley green, grace the festivities.
All eyes will yearn for Damalis, but she
To her new paramour will stick, I wot:
Clinging to him as ivy clings to tree—
Tendrils, whose clasp is as a lovers' knot.

Od. I. 37.

BUMPERS! Let free foot beat the earth!
To drink, dance, honour the sublime
Gods' seats with Salian feasts and mirth—
Comrades, for this 'tis time, high time.
Ere this it had been sin to bring
Caecuban from forbears' store-room,
While the mad queen was purposing
Our Capitol's fall, our empire's doom.

She with her eunuch-horde, infect
With foul disease, in her mad pride,
Drunk with good fortune, could expect
Anything. But her madness died
When of her battleships scarce one
Escaped the flames, and Caesar's near
Pursuit pressed her, and stamped upon
Her wine-besotted brain true fear.
His triremes, as she fled, gave chase,
As falcon stoops to dove, as fleet
Hunter hunts hares in wintry Thrace,
To catch and chain, in vengeance meet,
This fateful monster. Ah, but she
Claimed nobler death, nor feared the sword
With woman's fear, nor secretly
Sailed off some distant coast toward.
She saw her home in ruins laid,
Nor trembled; resolute to take
Its deadly poison, unafraid
She grasped and held the deadly snake.
The prouder for her will to die,
She grudged Rome's ships, this haughty dame,
That she, paraded to Rome's eye
A discrowned queen, should flaunt Rome's fame.

Od. I. 38.

DISPLAYS, that Persians love, I hate;
Lime-braided chaplets I detest;
It makes no matter where the late
Rose lingers; stay, my boy, your quest.

Just myrtle—that's enough; don't think
To better it; it suits, as wreath,
You, as you serve, me, as I drink,
My wine this close-trained vine beneath.

Od. II. 1.

THE civil war, that in Metellus' year
Began—its seeds, faults, phases: Fortune's game:
Chiefs' dangerous alliances: the smear
Of kindred blood on arms—an impious shame
Not yet atoned—that is your theme, a work
Beset by risks, by one continual threat;
Your feet are, as it were, on fires that lurk
'Neath treacherous ashes—fires that smoulder yet.
Withdraw awhile your Muse of Tragedy
Austere from theatres, and then anon,
When you have shaped your public history,
You shall resume your noble theme upon
Buskin Cecropian—star of oratory
For sad defendants, or in curial
Debates, my Pollio, whom your victory
Delmatic crowned with bays perennial.
E'en now our ears with clarions' threatening blare
Are deafened; even now trumpets scream out
Their challenge; even now arms' fiery glare
Scares horse and horseman into headlong rout.
Aye, and I seem to hear of leaders wight
Befouled with dust ennobling: of the whole
Wide world, and all its things, in bloody fight
Subdued, save only Cato's stubborn soul.

Juno, and Afric's friendly deities,
Who left the land, as powerless to aid,
Or to avenge, offered in sacrifice
The victors' grandsons to Jugurtha's shade.
What plain is there but what, by Latin gore
Fattened, is witness, by the tombs it bears,
To impious battles, and the crash which tore
Down Italy, and rang in Parthian ears?
What gulf, what streams, world over, will you find
That know not of our wretched strife? What main
Has blood of Daunians not incarnadined?
What shore is unpolluted by its stain?
But lest, my sportive Muse, you should forget
Your jokes, and start a Cean dirge again,
Seek we some Dionaean grot, and let
A lighter quill temper your coming strain.

Od. II. 2.

AS silver, hid in greedy earth,
Crispus Sallustius, has no sheen,
So metals have for you no worth,
Unless use makes their value seen.
For aye shall Proculeius' name
Be known for fatherly sympathy
With brethren; him eternal Fame
With tireless wing shall bear on high.
Larger you'ld make your empire's reach
Subduing self, than if, made one,
Gades and Libya—aye, each
Carthage—bowed down to you alone.

By self-indulgence dropsy grows,
Nor casts out thirst, till from the pale
Body the watery languor flows,
And from the veins the exciting bale.
Unlike the crowd, true Virtue parts
Prahates, throned on Cyrus' throne,
From the blest roll of happy hearts,
And bids the people's voice disown
False titles, granting honours true—
Sure bays, abiding sovereignty—
To him who, with heaped wealth in view,
Passes it, unregarded, by.

Od. II. 4.

LEST, Xanthias Phoceus, you should be ashamed
That a mere handmaid has become your queen,
Think how of yore the slave Briseis tamed
The proud Achilles, by her snowy sheen.
Ravished Tecmessa's beauty thrilled and won
Ajax, the son of Telamon, her lord;
E'en in his hour of triumph, Atreus' son
Was love-fired by a captive of his sword,
When the barbarians, worsted in the fray,
Had fall'n to their Thessalian conqueror,
And Hector's death left Troy an easier prey
To Hellas' hosts, all weary of the war.
Blonde Phyllis' parents may, for all you know,
Honour their son-in-law, as born of high
Descent; of royal stock she is, I trow,
And mourns unjust Penates' injury.
Be sure that she, your mistress, has no strain
In her of lowborn rascaldom or shame:

That one so faithful, so averse from gain,
Was never born of womb, would smirch your name.
Heart--whole I praise her arms, her bonny face,
Her shapely ankles; spurn all jealous fears
Of one who, hurrying onward in life's race,
Has run the lustre closing forty years.

Od. II. 7.

POMPEY, who faced with me in countless fights,
When Brutus led our war, supremest odds,
Who has restored you, with full civic rights,
To skies Italian, and your country's Gods,
O earliest of my comrades, at whose side
I often broke with wine the lingering
Day's irk, my temples wreathed with chaplet's pride,
My hair with Syrian unguent glistering?
With you I shared Philippi's headlong rout,
My shield, in haste ignoble, flung away,
When valour broke, and threatening boasts died out,
As chins rubbed shameful dust. Ah, well-a day!
Me, in my terror, Mercury bore fast,
Veiled in thick mist, thoro' the grim mellay;
But you the battle-wave sucked back, and cast
With boiling surf again into the fray.
Pay then the feast that you are bound to pay
To Jove, and, wearied with the toils of war,
Come, and recline beneath my garden bay,
Nor spare the casks that wait you in my store.
Fill goblets bright with cheering Massic high;
From urns capacious pour perfumery;
Whose task is it to hurry up and tie
Chaplets of lissom parsley, or, maybe,

Of myrtle? Whom will Venus now declare
The master of the feast? My revelry
Shall match Edonians'. It is sweet, I swear,
When friends return, to revel furiously.

Od. II. 11.

WHAT fierce Cantabrian, what the Scythian braves,
Parted by Hadria's intervening waves,
Plot, cease, Hirpinus Quinctius, to enquire,
Nor vex your soul with passionate desire
To sate life's little need. From one and all
The charm of beardless youth flies past recall,
As hoary eld withers the wanton heart,
And bids the sleep that comes at call depart.
Not always does the self-same glory grace
Spring-flowers, nor wears the blushing moon one face.
Why with the counsels of eternity
Weary your soul, too small for things so high?
Why not, just as we are, at ease beneath
Tall plane-tree or this pine, with the sweet breath
Of roses in our gray locks, redolent
Of nard Assyrian, drink to our content
Wine, while we may? All gnawing cares are chased
By Euhius. What boy, with hastened haste,
Will quench the fire of our fiery
Falernian, from the brook that hurries by?
Who from her home will draw that damsel shy,
Lyde? Come, bid her bring her ivory
Cithern forthwith, with neatly knotted hair,
After the manner of a Spartan fair.

Od. II. 12.

YOU would not wish that to my peaceful lyre
I should set songs of Hannibal, the dire,
Or fierce Numantia's long tale of war,
Or seas Sicilian red with Punic gore,
Or savage Lapithae, or Hylaeus flushed
With wine, or Earth's gigantic offspring, crushed
By Hercules' strong hand, at whose attack
Old Saturn's bright home quaked in fear of wrack,
Maecenas; you yourself more worthily
Will tell of Caesar in prose history,
His fights and feats—how thro' Rome's long parades
With necks enchained proud kings passed to the shades.
For me, my Muse would have me sweetly praise
Licymnia, queen of love—what sparkling rays
Flash from her eyes: how true her heart and leal
To mutual love—its claim, and its appeal.
It misbecomes her not in any wyse
To dance in choirs, to bandy pleasantries,
To reach out arms to maidens blithe and gay,
Who join the throng on Dian's festal day.
Would you for all that rich Achaemenes
Possessed: for Phrygian Mygdon's granaries:
For Arabs' homes, well stored with treasures fair,
Barter one tress of your Licymnia's hair,
When to your burning lips she bends awry
Her neck, or shuns, with easy coquetry,
Kisses, whose ravishment is more to her
Than you—and she may be first ravisher?

Od. II. 13.

ON an ill-omened day, accursed tree,
Did your first planter plant you, and profane
The hand that reared you to the infamy
Of country-side, and to descendants' bane.
I could believe that one so ruthless might
Have broke a parent's neck, and stained, maybe,
With blood of sleeping guest, slain in the night,
His inmost chamber; Colchic poisons he
Handled, and whatsoever any one
Has anywhere planned of sin, who on my farm
Set you, curst trunk, to fall one day upon
A master's head, who never did you harm.
No man from hour to hour takes proper thought
What he should shun; the Punic mariner
Fears the mad Bosphorus, but counts as naught
All other risks, no matter whence or where.
The soldier fears the shafts shot in swift fiight
By Parthian foe; the Parthian fears the gyves
And prison of Rome; but, unforeseen, Death's might
Has ever snatched, aye, and will snatch, men's lives.
How near were we to seeing upon her throne
Dark Proserpine, aye, and the judgement-seat
Of Aeacus, the separate Avalon,
Where roam the blest, and Sappho, with her sweet
Aeolian lyre arraigning Lesbos' maids,
And you, Alcaeus, with your golden quill
Sounding a fuller elegy to the shades,
Of exile's, war's, sea's, woes complaining still.
The shades stand wondering, as each poet sings
Songs worthy solemn silence; but, with ear

Keener to drink in tales of banished kings
And wars, a shouldering crowd throngs up to hear.
What wonder when, dazed by those melodies,
The hundred-headed beast drops his ears' threat,
And, in the hair of the Eumenides
Entwined and twist, their serpents cease to fret.
Prometheus, too, and Tantalus, the base,
In the sweet sound forget their agonies;
Nor does Orion longer care to chase
Lion that turns to fight, or lynx that flies.

Od. II. 15.

SOON regal piles will leave no place
For farms; soon crowds will flock to see
Fishponds that claim a larger space
Than Lucrine lake; barren plane-tree
Will turn the elm out; presently
Will violets, myrtles, the whole round
Of sweet flowers, shed their fragrancy
On oliveyards, once fruitful ground;
Dense laurels will, as shields upborne,
Stay the sun's darts. Far different
The use of Romulus, of unshorn
Cato, of ancient precedent.
Then private means were small; the State
Was rich; no private colonnade,
By ten-foot rods delineate,
Welcomed the cool North to its shade.
The casual sod might not be tossed
Aside; cities and fanes alone
Might be adorned, at public cost—
So said the law—with fresh-hewn stone.

Od. II. 17.

WHY fret me with laments? Nor I,
Nor Gods, would will that you should die,
Maecenas—you, my fortune's stay,
And glory—ere I pass away.
Should fate untimely bid you die—
You, my soul's better half, ah, why
Should I, the other half, less dear,
Left but a remnant, linger here?
That day shall bring one death to both.
Whene'er you lead—sure is my oath—
As comrades, side by side, we'll tread
The trail that's trodden by the dead.
Me nor Chimaera, breathing fire,
Shall wrench from you, nor Gyas' ire,
Resurgent with his hundred hands;
So will the Fates; so Right demands.
For, whether Libra watches me,
Or Scorpios fell, the tyranny
Of my birth-hour, or, sign of bane,
The Goat, who rules the Western main,
Our stars in wondrous wyse agree;
Thee Jove's protecting brilliancy
Rescued from impious Saturn's hate,
And stayed the wings of rushing Fate,
When with the cheers of thronging crowd,
Thrice-given, the theatres were loud;
Me the curst tree, that well nigh broke
My head, had slain, but that the stroke
Was stayed by Faunus, guardian true
Of Hermes' men. As offerings, you
Must give fat sheep and votive shrine;
A humble lamb must serve for mine.

Od. II. 18.

NO fretted ceil, with ivory inwrought
And gold, makes my small home look gay;
No slabs Hymettian rest on columns brought
From Afric quarries far away;
Nor has it been my luck to occupy,
Of Attalus an unknown heir,
A palace; nor do high-born clients ply
Me robes of Spartan purple fair.
But honour bright, aye, and a kindly vein
Of genius, are mine; tho' scant
My means, a rich man courts me. I disdain
To pester Heaven for more, nor want
To irk my patron's soul with fresh appeals,
Content and happy with my one
And only Sabine farm. Day treads on heels
Of day, and new moons wane anon.
You on the grave's edge bargain evermore
For marbles to be hewn, build homes,
Of death unmindful, and would push the shore,
Where the rough sea on Baiae foams,
Outward, as all too straitened while the strand's
Unbroken line curtails your sway.
What of the fact that ever your rude hands
Tear neighbour's boundary-stones away:
That you o'erleap, a robber unabashed,
Your clients' landmarks? Out they go,
Bearing their household Gods, and babes unwashed,
Husband and wife, to want and woe.
And yet no hall more surely than the grave,
The bourn of Orcus, fixed by fate,
Awaits the lord of riches. Why, then, crave
More than fate grants, insatiate?

Impartial Earth opens her doors to poor
And rich alike, to prince and swain;
Gold never bribed Orcus' assistant dour
To bring Prometheus back again.
He prisons Tantalus, the proud, and all
His race and kind; called to release
Poor souls whose work is done, he hears the call,
And brings—aye, and uncalled—his peace.

Od. II. 19.

BACCHUS I saw, far rocks among—
Believe it all posterity—
Dictating hymns to a rapt throng—
Satyrs goat-hoofed, and Nymphs anigh—
The Satyrs all with pricked up ears.
Euoi! My heart, fiilled with the God,
Beats furiously; my mind still fears;
Spare, Liber of the awful rod.
Euoi! So may I now recall,
And picture, headstrong Thyiades,
Wine-springs, rivers of milk, the fall
Of honey-drops from hollow trees.
Mine too it is to tell how clomb
Thy bride to heaven, beatified:
How awful ruin wrecked the home
Of Pentheus: how Lycurgus died.
Thou rulest streams and barbarous seas;
On far hills, bibulous, dost entwine
The hair of the Bistonides
With knotted snakes, disarmed by wine.
Thou. when the impious Giant-horde
Would scale Heaven's steep, the Sire's domain,
With lion's teeth and claws toward,

Did'st hurl fell Rhoetus back amain.
Called God of dance and sport and fun,
Thou wert esteemed unfit for arms;
Yet did'st thou bear thyself as one
For whom both war and peace have charms.
To Cerberus, with horn of gold,
Thou wert as friend, whose tail, to greet
Thy coming, stroked thee: whose threefold
Tongue licked thy parting legs and feet.

Od. II. 20.

NOT common and not weak the wing whereon,
A bard of twofold nature, I shall soar
Thro' the clear air; this earth I'll quit anon,
And leave its cities, lift for evermore
Beyond all envy. Child of poverty,
Yet called to hear, as friend, your last farewell,
Beloved Maecenas, I shall never die,
Nor brook restraint within the Stygian hell.
Now, even now, my legs put on rough skin;
Above, a white bird in the fashioning,
I take new shape; shoulders and hands begin
To wear a plumage smooth and glistering.
More famed than Daedalean Icarus,
Now shall I visit, as a tuneful swan,
Gaetulian Syrtes, shores where Bosphorus
Moans, Northern Steppes; Colchian, and Dacian,
Who fears the Marsian chivalry, yet tries
To hide his fear, Geloni over-sea,
Shall come to know me; Spaniard too, grown wise,
And they who drink the Rhone, shall learn of me.

Let no dishonouring wails, no elegies,
No dirges sad, insult my empty bier;
Speak softly; 'tis no time for noisy cries;
The rites that honour tombs are useless here.

Od. III. 1.

I HATE and spurn the unhallowed throng;
Keep silence, all, while I dictate,
Priest of the Muses laureate,
To boys and girls new forms of song.
Kings claim their own flocks' fealty;
To Jove the kings themselves bow down,
Who rules the wide world by his frown,
And smote the Titans gloriously.
More widely one plants trees; whereas
One candidate of nobler birth
Enters the Field, another's worth
Stands in high fame; another has
More numerous clients. All the same,
Ever and aye Necessity
Dooms high and low impartially;
The vasty urn shakes every name.
For him, o'er whom hangs the alarm
Of drawn sword, feasts of Sicily
Will have no sweets, the melody
Of birds and lyre will have no charm
To bring back sleep. Sleep calm and bland
Scorns not the cots of labouring men,
Nor shady banks of streams or glen,
Nor Tempe's vale by Zephyrs fanned.
What is enough—that and no more—
Who craves but this, nor rough sea frets,
Nor storms that, when Arcturus sets,
Or the Kid rises, rage and roar,

Nor hails that lash his vines, nor land
That cheats his hopes, while trees complain
Of stars that scorch the fields, of rain,
Of the fierce grip of Winter's hand.
Huge moles, thrust out, narrow the sea
For fish, where the contractor's band,
And owner, weary of the land,
Cast chips into the masonry.
But Fear and Menace climb as high,
As climbs the lord—twin frets of mind—
On bronze-beaked trireme, and behind
Rider, sits black Anxiety.
But, if nor Phrygian stone, nor dress
Sheeny as stars, nor vineries
Falernian, nor Achaemenes'
Perfumes, can soften his distress,
Why build with portals of desire
A hall, new-planned to threat the sky?
Why change my Sabine snuggery
For wealth whose burdens fret and tire?

Od. III. 3.

WHO loves the Right, whose will is resolute,
His purpose naught can shake—not rage of brute
Mob bidding him work evil: not the eye
Of threatening despot: not the tyranny
Of Auster, lord of Hadria's restless sea:
Not Jove's great hand, red with artillery;
A shattered world, falling in ruins, might
Crush him; his dauntless soul it will not fright.
Thus Pollux and Alcmene's roaming son
Up to the flaming heights of heaven won;

Thus, seated at their side, Augustus sips
The nectar of the Gods with radiant lips.
Thus, Father Bacchus, as in homage due
To thy deserts, tigers unbroken drew
Thy car; thus in the chariot of Mars
Quirinus rose o'er Acheron to the stars,
When to the Gods in council came the word
Of Juno—gracious speech, and gladly heard—
"O Ilion, Ilion, by a judge obscene,
A wretch accursed, and by a foreign quean,
Rolled in the dust—aye, damned and unforgiven,
Since false Laomedon broke faith with Heaven,
By me and chaste Minerva—reprobate,
People and perjured king—one folk, one fate!
Aye, but no longer does the guest infame
Trick himself out for Sparta's harlot-dame;
No longer Priam's faithless house beats back,
With Hector's aid, Achaia's fierce attack;
Prolonged by our disputes, the weary war's
Offence is over now; forthwith to Mars
Will I give up my anger, and my hate
Toward my grandson, whom his earth-born mate,
The Trojan priestess, bare. To him will I
Grant entrance where on shining couches lie
The blessed; nectar shall he quaff, and find
Among the untroubled Gods his rank assigned.
The wide world thro', so long as angry seas
Part Rome and Ilion, wheresoe'er they please,
Let Trojan exiles lord it, safe and blest;
So long as herds leap o'er the tombs, where rest
Priam and Paris, and wolves, scatheless, hide
Their younglings, let the Capitol, in its pride,
Stand glorious, and let the might and awe
Of Rome rule conquered Medes, and be their law.
Feared far and wide, let her extend her sway

To earth's remotest bounds, where Africa
And Europe face the intervening main,
And Nile inundant floods the Egyptian plain.
Let her be rather bold to scorn the gold
That earth conceals—'tis better hid—than bold
To gather it up with greedy hands that seize
All sacred things for human usages.
Whatever limits bound the world, her war
Shall compass them, exultant to explore
Where sunflames hold their maddest revelry,
Where dews are rains, and fog-banks cloak the sky.
But to Quirinus' braves I prophesy
This future on the terms that piety
Too great, and self-trust, seek not to restore
Dead Troy—the Troy their forbears built of yore.
The fate of Troy, with evil augury
Reborn, shall once again spell tragedy,
When I, Jove's queen and sister, lead the foe
Whose conquering hosts achieve her overthrow.
Tho' thrice the bronzen wall from ruins rose,
By Phoebus built, thrice would Achaian blows,
My champions', fell it; thrice would captive wife
Wail lord and sons, slain in the battle-strife."
Such songs as these suit not my sportive lyre;
Whither, my Muse, would'st soar? Stay thy desire
Headstrong to tell what the high Gods may say,
And shrink a theme sublime with lowly lay.

Od. III. 4.

COME down from heaven, royal Calliope;
Breathe on the pipe a deathless melody,
Or sing a song—sing it with clarion voice,
Or to the harp of Phoebus—thine the choice.

Hear ye her strain? Or does a frenzy kind
Mock me? I seem to hear it, and to wind
My way thro' holy groves, where 'neath the trees
Play pleasant streamlets and a kindly breeze.
Me on Apulian Vultur, past the line
That bounds Apulia, my nurse langsyne,
The storied doves of Venus strewed with green
Leaves, as I slept, play-tired, the sleep serene
Of boyhood, as a sign—a prodigy—
For all whom Acherontia's aerie,
Or Bantia's glades, shelter, and them whose toil
Ploughs the rich tilths of low Forentum's soil.
They marvelled how it was I slept unscathed
By deadly snakes and bears: how I was swathed
With sacred bays, and myrtles' kind embrace—
A child inspired by Heaven's peculiar grace.
Aye, and as yours, ye Muses—yours for aye—
I climb my Sabine hill, or make my way
To favourite haunts—Praeneste's chilly height,
Or Tibur's slopes, or Baiae, clear and bright.
Because your sweet choirs love me as their own,
Your fountains too, no death has struck me down—
Not sad Philippi's rout, not the curst tree,
Not Palinurus on Sicilian sea.
With you beside me, as a seaman, I
Will brave mad Bosphorus right willingly;
With you, as traveller, will wander o'er
The burning sands of far Assyria's shore.
The stranger-hating Britons will I greet:
The Concani who drink, and count it sweet,
The blood of horses: the Geloni armed
With quivers: Scythia's river—all unharmed.
You too to mighty Caesar, soon as he
Has settled in the towns where they would be
His war-worn troops, and from his toils would cease,

Give, in some grot Pierian, welcome peace.
Gentle your counsel; gracious too, I trow,
Your joy in its acceptance; this we know—
Know it as knowing how it was with him,
Who smote the impious Titan hordes with grim
Descending bolt—who sways the windy sea
And sluggish earth: whose one sole empery
Rules earth's abodes and realms of sad duress,
Mortals and Gods alike, in righteousness.
Great had Jove's fear been when the giant brood,
Proud of their frightful arms, against him stood;
And when the brothers strove to fix upon
Shady Olympus lofty Pelion.
But what availed Typhon—what the strong hand
Of Mimas, or Porphyrion's threatening stand:
What Rhoetus, or Enceladus, the stark
Hurler of uptorn trees, with heaven for mark,
When Pallas' sounding aegis barred the way?
Here stood fierce Vulcan, greedy for the fray;
Dame Juno there, and he, whose shoulders now
Bear, and shall ever bear, his mighty bow:
Who with Castalia's waters dewy-bright
Bathes his long locks: who holds, as of birthright,
All Lycia's woods and brakes—Phoebus, adored
As Delos' glory, and as Patara's lord.
Force lacking counsel falls by its own weight;
Force temperate the Gods make yet more great—
The Gods who hate the strength that would defy
Their righteous will, and plot iniquity.
Gyas, the hundred-handed, seals as true
These maxims: infamous Orion too,
For foul assault on chaste Minerva known,
And by her virgin arrows smitten down.
On her own monsters heaped, with many a wail
Earth weeps her sons hurled down to Orcus's pale

By thunder-bolts, whose fires, haste as they will
To eat thro' Aetna's pile, are prisoners still.
The jailor-vulture, lechery's penalty,
Still guards the lustful Tityos ceaselessly,
And gnaws his liver; chains three hundred hold
Pirithous captive, for love over-bold.

Od. III. 6.

FOR sins of ancestors will you atone,
Roman, what tho' the sins were not your own,
Till you repair the high Gods' sanctuaries,
Their tottering fanes, their smoke-grimed images.
You rule the world because to heaven you bow.
Hence nations rise and fall; often ere now,
Angered by man's neglects, the Gods have hurled
Distress and anguish on the Western world.
Once and again Monaeses and the horde
Of Pacorus have broke our unblest sword,
And, booty-laden, add with grinning glee
To their few torcs our captured finery.
Dacian and Aethiop have well nigh wracked
Our city, with its civil wars distract—
The Aethiop, by sea no puny foe:
The Dacian, master of the twanging bow.
Fruitful in crime, the ages as they ran
First fouled the marriage-bond, the home, the clan;
Thence sprang a flood of ill—a flood that broke
In on our hapless country and our folk.
The girl grows up to learn the Ionic dance,
And, even now, with stage-tricks would enhance
Her charms, who dreams, her inmost heart within,
Of loves unlawful—aye, and hugs her sin.

* * * * *

Not of such parentage or such a strain
Were they who dyed with blood the Punic main—
The youth, whose war broke Pyrrhus, and could quell
Antiochus, and Hannibal, the fell.
Nay, 'twas a brood, stalwart and masculine,
Of yeomen-soldiers—lads, who with Sabine
Spades turned the clods, and, as stern mothers bid,
Shouldered their piles of faggots, kid by kid,
To bring them home what time the sun should shift
The shadows, and from weary oxen lift
Their yokes, with parting chariot speeding on
The friendly hour when the day's work is done.
What has it not debased, this present curse?
Our parents' age, then our grandparents' worse,
Has brought us forth, who shall beget, ah shame!
Children yet more unworthy Rome's great name.

Od. III. 7.

WHY weep, Asterie, your swain
Constant and leal, whom Zephyrs clear
With the new spring will bring again
To you, enriched with Thynian gear,
Gyges? He, driven by Southern gales
To far-off Oricum, when rose
The Goat's mad star, sleepless bewails
Thro' chilly nights his wants and woes.
And yet his hostess, love-sick dame,
Sends messages that Chloe sighs,
Poor soul, with love like yours aflame,
And artful tempts him manywise.
She tells how a false wife of yore
Urged Proetus, credulous husband, on,
By charges false, to slay before

His time too chaste Bellerophon:
How Peleus 'scaped death-penalty
Hardly, who fled, wise heart and pure,
Magnesian Hippolyte,
And brings up tales with sinful lure,
In vain; than rocks Icarian
More deaf, he hears the words heart-whole.
Beware you, lest your neighbour-man
Enipeus over-please your soul;
Tho' never another cavalier
On Martian sward attracts such gaze,
Nor Tuscan Tiber knows his peer
Of all who swim its watery ways.
At nightfall close your doors, nor eye
The streets below what time you hear
Flute's plaintive notes, and to the cry,
That calls you cruel, turn deaf ear.

Od. III. 8.

MARCH has come in. You would find out
What I, a bachelor, am about—
What mean these flowers, these incense-bowls,
These live sods topped with kindled coals.
You doubt, tho' Roman tales you know,
And Greek. Well, Liber claims a vow—
Feast and white goat—vowed when the tree,
That fell, all but demolished me.
Each year this festal day shall see
Its pitch-sealed cork drawn faithfully
From out a jar that, cellared here,
First drank the smoke in Tullus' year.
For my escape, and for my sake,
A hundred cups, Maecenas, take;
Keep the lamps lit till dawn of day;

Clamour and brawls—Avaunt! Away!
Dismiss all public cares; no more
Will Thracian Cotiso wage war;
The hostile Parthians' civic strife
Hurts only their own country's life.
In Spain our old Cantabrian foe
Obeys the might that laid him low
At last; the Scythians think to slack
Their bows, and from their plains fall back.
Here just a citizen, abate
Thoughts over-anxious for the State;
Care-free, enjoy for this brief hour
The sweet of life; forget the sour.

Od. III. 9.

He.

WHILE you were happy in my love,
And no more favoured swain might fling
Round your white neck his arms, I throve,
More blest than any Persian king.

She.

While yet you had no other flame,
Ere Chloe ousted Lydia,
I, Lydia, throve—a maid of fame,
Who outshone Roman Ilia.

He.

Chloe of Thrace is now my queen,
Skilled in the lyre's sweet strains, for whom
I'll never fear to die, I ween,
If but fate lift my true life's doom.

She.

Me Ornytus' son, Calais,
The Thurine, fires, who am his joy;
For whom I'd die twice o'er, ywis,
If but the fates will spare my boy.

He.

What if with yoke that shall abide
Old love knits sundered hearts once more?
What if blonde Chloe's cast aside,
And Lydia scorned re-opes her doors?

She.

Tho' he is brighter than a star,
And you than cork are lighter—aye,
Than boisterous Hadria rougher far,
With you I'd live: with you I'd die.

Od. III. 12.

POOR girls! We may not give our love free play,
Or drown in wine our sense of hurt and wrong,
Or, if we do, must bear, as best we may,
The deadly lashes of an uncle's tongue.
Venus' winged cherub steals your wicker-tray,
Poor Neobule; the bright radiancy
Of Liparaean Hebrus takes away
The webs of throng Minerva's industry,
When he has bathed, returning from the lists,
In Tiber's flood his shoulders oiled; as knight,
A greater than Bellerophon; quick fists,
Quick feet, give him the palm in race or fight.
Skilled he to shoot in the open stags that rush
Forth, when the herd is driven from its lay;
And swift to meet the boar, couched in the brush
Of some dense thicket, as it breaks away.

Od. III. 17.

SPRUNG, noble Aelius, from Lamus old,
(Since, as folk say, 'twas he who gave their name
To early Lamiae, and—the annals hold
The proofs of this—the entire clan can claim
Descent from him who was, 'tis said, first king
Of Formiae, and of the country-side,
Where on Marica's coasts, meandering,
Slow Liris swims, lord of dominions wide)
To-morrow will the East Wind bring a blast,
Shall strew with useless weed the shore, with leaves
The woods, unless the aged crow's forecast,
Its prophecy of coming rain, deceives
Our ears. Get in, then, while the weather's fine,
Dry wood; to-morrow will you chase away
Your Genius' cares with sucking pig and wine,
Making, with all your household, holiday.

Od. III. 20.

SEE you not, Pyrrhus, at what risk you steal
Her cubs from a Gaetulian lioness?
Soon, very soon, as robber, will you feel
Her wrath, and know flight's terror and distress,
What time she comes, thro' ranks that seek to bar
Her way, to claim Nearchus, her delight—
To settle whose shall be the spoils of war,
Her prize or rather yours—a famous fight.
Meantime, they say, while she whets her fierce fangs,
And you are getting out your arrows fleet,

He, on whose will the battle's issue hangs,
Tramples upon the palm with naked feet,
While on his shoulders and his scented hair,
That round about them falls, plays, as it wills,
A soft refreshing breeze—as Nireus fair,
Or Ganymede, rapt up from Ida's rills.

Od. III. 21.

O BORN with me in Manlius' year,
Good jar, whatever gifts you bear—
Jokes, quarrels, strife, mad love, light sleep—
To whatsoever end you keep
Choice Massic, come, for to yourself
You owe the move, down from your shelf,
On this glad day; for mellower brands
Corvinus calls; his wish commands.
Steeped in the Schools' philosophy,
He's yet no boor to pass you by.
Why, oftentimes—so we are told—
Wine warmed stern Cato's soul of old.
You rack dull wits full tenderly,
Unveil hid wisdom's mystery,
And straight the wise man's cares depart,
As gay Lyaeus glads his heart.
Hope cheers the anxious by your gift;
The weakling's horn on high you lift;
Heartened by you he laughs at fear
Of diademed kings, of sword and spear.
Liber, and Venus, if she's good:
The Graces' close-knit sisterhood,
And live lamps still shall lead you on
While Dawn is bidding stars begone.

Od. III. 25.

WHITHER, O Bacchus, bearest me inspired?
Into what groves, what grottoes, am I now
Hurried, by new thoughts swept along and fired?
What caves shall hear me meditating how
I may exalt great Caesar's fame for aye
To Jove's high council, and the starry skies?
My song shall be sublime and new, a lay
None other yet has sung. Not otherwise
Than Euhiad, in nightlong revelry
Upon the hills, is ravished as her eye
Scans Hebrus, snow-white Thrace, and Rhodope,
By foot barbarian traversed, so am I
Entranced, what time, by visions borne along,
I gaze on quiet groves and riverside.
O Lord of Naiads, and Bacchantes, strong
To overturn tall ash-trees' towering pride,
Naught petty, naught unworthy its high due,
Not death itself, shall touch this song of mine.
'Tis a sweet risk, Lenaean, to ensue
The God who wreathes his brows with pliant vine.

Od. III. 28.

WHAT could I better do on Neptune's day?
Lyde, be quick and broach the Caecuban
Hid in your store, and with me make foray
On wisdom's fortress—that's my present plan.
Midday is past; you see how Phoebus' car
Sinks; yet as tho' the flying day stood still,
You pause, as loth to bring the lingering jar,

That erst the year of Bibulus bade you fill.
Now will we sing in turn—of Neptune I,
And green-haired Nereids; your part shall be
To sing to your curved lyre Latona, aye,
And flying Cynthia's fierce artillery.
Lastly the Cnidian queen shall be our theme,
Who holds the shining Cyclades in fee,
And visits Paphos' isle with swans for team;
Night too shall have her meed of elegy.

Od. IV. 2.

WHO seeks to rival Pindar, he
Upsoars on wings waxed with the skill,
Julus, of Daedalus, and will
Name with his name some glassy sea.
As stream that down the mountain's steep,
Above its banks by rains uplift,
Rushes, so surges Pindar swift
With boundless flood, with utterance deep.
Worthy Apollo's bays is he,
Whether in dithyrambs bold he pours
Forth words new-formed, or song that wars
Against all laws of poetry;
Whether he hymns Gods, or acclaims
Kings born of Gods, whose valour slew
The Centaurs—righteous doom and due—
And quenched Chimaera's fearsome flames;
Or tells of heroes glorified
By palm Olympian, of steed,
Of boxer, bringing to them a meed
A hundred statues could not side;
Or, wailing bridegroom rapt away
From weeping bride, exalts on high

His strength, soul, golden courtesy,
And grudges Orcus' gloom its prey.
Strong is the breeze that lifts the swan
Dircaean, Antony, what time
To heights of cloud-land it would climb.
I, as a Matine bee drones on,
Culling the thyme's sweets toilfully
By watery Tibur's groves and braes,
Fashion, a humble bard, my lays
With pains of strenuous industry.
A poet, you, of nobler quill
Shall sing of Caesar when, with well
Earned bays enwreathed, he leads the fell
Sygambri down the Sacred Hill;
Than whom Fate and kind deities
Have given naught better, naught that is
Greater, to earth, nor will, ywis,
Give, tho' the Golden Age re-rise.
Of feasts and games your song shall be—
Our thanks for answered prayers that gave
Back to our arms Augustus brave—
And Forum from all law-suits free.
Then too my voice, if not in vain
Its utterance, shall come in, and say,
Full-toned, "O fair, O happy day!"
For joy that Caesar's home again.
And, as you lead the way, we'll raise,
Not once alone, our triumph-shout,
Ho Triumph!—all will peal it out,
And offer Heaven incense in praise.
Your debt ten bulls, as many cows,
Shall quit; a calf will set me free—
A youngling weaned, that on lush lea
Grows to its strength to pay my vows,
Whose brow, with hornlets newly grown,

Copies the young moon's crescent rays,
At its third rise; it shows a blaze,
A birth-mark; elsewhere 'tis red-roan.

Od. IV. 3.

HE on whose birth, Melpomene,
Thou once for all hast set thine eye,
Thy placid gaze, shall never be
A boxer, famed for mastery
In Isthmian games; no fiery steeds
Shall draw him in Achaean car
To victory, nor shall mighty deeds
Display him, as a man of war,
To Rome's heart, crowned with Delian bays,
Because he cast proud tyrants down.
But Tibur's thickly wooded braes,
And streams, shall rear him to renown,
With lyric song. As for rewards,
To me poetic rank the youth
Of Rome, of cities queen, accords,
And blunted now is envy's tooth.
Muse of the golden lyre, whose art
Tempers its strings to harmony:
Who could'st, were it thy will, impart
To voiceless fish the swan's clear cry:
That as Rome's minstrel-bard I'm hailed
By passers' fingers lift to me:
My breath, and, if I have not failed
To charm, my charm—'tis all of thee!

Od. IV. 11.

I HAVE a cask of Alban, more
Than nine years old; my garden-grounds,
Phyllis, of parsley have good store,

For chaplets meet; ivy abounds—
Sprays that show out your beauty's sheen,
Binding your hair; the house looks good
With silver plate; with vervain green,
The altar claims a slain lamb's blood.
All hands are busy; to and fro
Run boys and girls in companies;
The fire-flames flicker as they go
Upward, and black smoke-eddies rise.
What joys invite you? Well, the Ides
Claim your attendance, be it known—
Mid-April's feast-day that divides
The month that Venus counts her own:
Rightly a feast for me, well nigh
More sacred than my birth's event,
For from this anniversary
Maecenas tells his life's ascent.
You long for Telephus, a lad
Not of your class; a wealthy maid
Has snapped him up, and holds him, glad
To be her prisoner—saucy jade.
From greed's ambitions Phaethon
Consumed deters; the tale that tells
How Pegasus flung Bellerophon,
Scorning his earth-born rider, spells
Warning to you that you should choose
Meet things: should cut too venturesome
Hopes down as sinful: should refuse
A mate unequal. Come, then, come,
Last of my loves, for not again
Shall I love woman; learn my lays,
That your dear voice may lilt each strain;
All gloom, all troubles, song allays.

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